MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

OF

EUGENE HALE

1809-1892

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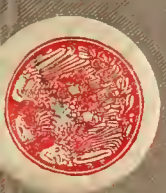

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MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

BY

EUGENE HALE.

REPRESENTATIVE AND SENATOR FROM
THE STATE OF MAINE,

DELIVERED IN

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AND
IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE,

1869 to 1892.

WASHINGTON
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.
1897.

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WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN.

In the House of Representatives, December 14, 1869.

MR. SPEAKER: I speak as a young man who admired and revered WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN. Twelve years ago, when I cast my first vote, he was an honored Senator from the State of Maine. In that State his life had been passed, and his education and experience had been such as to eminently fit him for the high place which he then filled.

He was a graduate of our oldest college, had chosen the profession of law, been admitted to practice at an early age, and for many years had given to it his best talent, which had carried him to the head of the profession in his State.

His professional life was always marked by the highest sense of honor, by a keen sympathy for the poor or oppressed suitor, and by a plainly

shown impatience at that public clamor which now and then usurps the place of public justice and demands a victim without much heed as to the question of guilt or innocence. His single term in this House, and his longer service in our State legislature, had prevented his mind from running in a purely legal channel, and he stood, by natural ability and varied training, the peer of his fellows in the United States Senate.

Since that time his public life has been open to the view of all, and in common with, I suppose, a large majority of men who have watched it, I have learned the lesson of respect for its excellence. Within the last few years I have enjoyed the privilege of his close acquaintance and friendship, and can bear testimony to the kindness of heart and graciousness of manner which made him, to those who knew him best, the good friend and fascinating companion. I hope to carry through my life a green memory of the good counsel and help that he always generously gave me.

Of his career as a public man it is not fitting that I should attempt to speak. It was open to

inspection from its beginning to its close, and like the broad river which gains new volume with every affluent, it increased in its force with each year until at last it ended in that vast sea whither all human life flows. Others who have been intimately associated with him in the important legislation of the last fifteen years, and who can more clearly point out the guiding and restraining influence of his mind upon that legislation, have spoken in language of full appreciation.

But I can not fail to render my tribute of admiration for the inflexible spirit of independence that he always displayed in maintaining what he believed to be right, refusing to be swayed by popular outcry or the fear of party displeasure. And this, joined with the absence of any overweening desire to enforce views simply as his own views, thus preventing him from becoming an "impracticable" in politics, made him what seems to me as the nearly complete pattern of an American legislator.

His steadfastness in adhering to a given course when both wind and tide were against

him was shown most conspicuously in the impeachment trial. But I have studied his life before that event closely enough to see that anyone well knowing him need not take that instance into the account in concluding that Mr. FESSENDEN would not be turned from the way he believed to be the right way by fear of immediate unpopularity. No tempest of voices ever dictated to him who should be released to the people and who should be crucified.

But he who believes that his firmness came from a defiant and unsympathetic spirit I think wholly wrong.

Mr. FESSENDEN understood fully and talked freely with his friends of the burdens and restraints imposed by a political life, and he always strove to so bear himself that no reproach of neglected duty could be laid at his door, and that his acts and his motives should not be cheapened by the inducements that beset the politician. He has portrayed all this in his eulogy upon the Honorable Solomon Foot, a Senator from Vermont, who died in 1866, and whom he respected and loved.

From his place in the Senate Chamber he then said:

"When, Mr. President, a man, however eminent in other pursuits and whatever claims he may have to public confidence, becomes a member of this body, he has much to learn and much to endure. Little does he know of what he will have to encounter. He may be well read in public affairs, but he is unaware of the difficulties which must attend and embarrass every effort to render what he may know available and useful. He may be upright in purpose and strong in the belief of his own integrity, but he can not even dream of the ordeal to which he can not fail to be exposed; of how much courage he must possess to resist the temptations which daily beset him; of that sensitive shrinking from undeserved censure which he must learn to control; of the ever-recurring contest between a natural desire for public approbation and a sense of public duty; of the load of injustice he must be content to bear even from those who should be his friends; the imputations on his motives; the sneers and sarcasms of ignorance and malice;

all the manifold injuries which partisan or private malignity disappointed of its object may shower upon his unprotected head. All this, if he would retain his integrity, he must learn to bear unmoved and walk steadily onward in the path of public duty, sustained only by the reflection that time may do him justice; or, if not, that his individual hopes and aspirations and even his name among men should be of little account to him when weighed in the balance against the welfare of a people of whose destiny he is a constituted guardian and defender."

As I read these words the form of the dead statesman rises before me; I behold him in his place in the Senate Chamber presenting the matured result of his thought and investigation, or casting his vote uninfluenced by any consideration whether he was for the time in the majority or minority; or again I listen to his voice, when, besieged by importunate supplicants for political influence or political place, his stern rebuke broke down the brazen front of the man who sought to put his own advancement higher than the good of the public serv-

vice; and when I interpret this loftiness by the light of the words which he uttered at the grave of the friend whom he loved, I know that he was not just because his nature was cold and that he did not hate demagogues because he had no sympathy with the people, but that his ideal of the Senator was so high and he so loyally strove to reach it that his course carried him over all the pain and heart-sickness which he often felt when the people murmured and friends grew estranged.

But he went in quest of no popularity that had to be bought by timeserving, and never kept himself before the people by eccentric courses and dangerous experiments in legislation. It was not of such as he that Dryden wrote—

> A daring pilot in extremity;
> Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
> He sought the storms, but for a calm unfit
> Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

He had no such ambition for leadership that for its sake he would bring the Republic nigh to final shipwreck.

Mr. Speaker, our own State mourns an honored son and the nation has lost a tried and faithful public servant. Those who have for years taken part in our National Government will miss the leader who was yet the comrade in this, that he took upon himself his full share of the burden and work of the day.

But to the young men who are just entering public life the deprivation is even greater. That life, with its temptations and seducements, is all before us. There are tricks and shams and intimidations that are set as pitfalls in our paths. With much that is noble and inspiring about us, there are manifold inclinations to sloth, to fickleness, and it may be to corruption. Who can tell whether he has not already set his feet in the way that leads down to moral death?

We need the tones of that voice which never directed the coward's retreat, the splendid calm of that clear face which kept its serenity when the battle around him was at its thickest; we need the actual sight of and association with him and all such as he was, who by example and

precept elevate our aims, establish our character, and make us truly public servants for the public good. And for him who, connected with public affairs, seeks to build up an honorable reputation, what better course can be given than to emulate the steadfastness, the sobriety, the justice of WILLIAM PITT FESSENDEN?

SAMUEL F. HERSEY.

In the House of Representatives, February 20, 1875.

MR. SPEAKER: We are but five in this House from the State of Maine when all are present, and one of our number has been taken away by death. Hon. SAMUEL FREEMAN HERSEY, who represented the Fourth district of Maine in this Congress, died at his home in Bangor on the third day of this month. The fatal disease that at last ended in death fastened upon him many months ago and broke down the physical strength which had been marked in his previous life. It interfered seriously with his duties in the last session of this Congress, driving him from the Capitol in the late winter months after he had resolutely fought its approaches, turned his home during the summer and fall into a house of sickness, and inexorably forbade any attempt

to share in the labors and duties of the present session.

The resolute will of my late colleague and friend was so noticeable a feature in his character that I shall be well borne out by those who knew him best in saying that nothing less than the painful disease under which he suffered could have kept him away from the post to which a trusting people had called him. As I remember him and recall an acquaintance of many years, there arises before me no instance when he shrank from a duty laid upon him.

General HERSEY was born in Sumner, in the county of Oxford and State of Maine, on the 22d of April, 1812. He came from Revolutionary stock, his maternal grandfather having been an officer in the war for independence; and he was reared in that best school for early boyhood which the New England fireside, hillside, and schoolhouse furnish. When at the age of 21 he entered upon mercantile business for himself, he had secured the good education that the district school and the county academy afforded, and was well fitted to enter into the

conflict of active life. In business he almost always prospered, increasing his ventures and his gains from year to year, and latterly extending his operations into Minnesota, Wisconsin, and other Northwestern States. He was prompt and energetic in affairs, honest and conscientious in his dealings, and, as his fortune increased, gave liberally of his store.

He was always trusted by the people among whom he lived, representing the town of Milford in the lower house of the Maine legislature in 1842, and the city of Bangor, to which he afterward removed, in one branch or the other of the State legislature in 1857, 1865, 1867, and 1869, besides serving for some years as a member of the executive council.

After filling other important State offices, he was first elected to this House in September, 1872, and was reelected in 1874. From participation in what promised to be the stirring scenes of the Forty-fourth Congress he has been cut off. Had he lived, his position must always have been clearly defined. His was never a halting or doubtful course. His religious and political

beliefs were a part of his life; and he accepted the consequences of those beliefs boldly.

This positiveness of character led him not to fear antagonism; but his kindness of heart raised up friends and prevented lifelong enmities.

Mr. Speaker, our deceased colleague will be greatly missed in our own State, where he has been for years a prominent citizen. To his neighbors and friends the loss will come nearer; to his family it can never be repaired. On this floor those who knew him during the brief weeks that he was in attendance know that this House has lost an honest, useful member.

But awful as is the coming of death, and sobering as must be its contemplation, the way along which a human life is sometimes led to it is so beset with suffering and agony that to our limited vision the final summons must then seem more like a relief than a doom.

General HERSEY'S disease was severe and protracted. It never broke down his mind or his spirit, but it wasted his body and racked him with pain such as few men, fortunately, are ever called to endure. It was incurable,

and at last he sank under it. But he died in his own house, with his wife and children about him, and loving hands smoothed his winter shroud. Thinking of how vexed had been his last days and how peaceful was his death, who will not ask with Spenser—

Is not short pain well borne that brings long ease
And lays the soul to rest in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Peace after war, death after life doth sometimes greatly
please.

Mr. Speaker, I move the following resolutions:

Resolved, That this House has heard with deep regret the death of Hon. SAMUEL F. HERSEY, a member of this House from the State of Maine.

Resolved, That as a testimonial of respect to the memory of the deceased the officers and members of this House will wear the usual badge of mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted by the Clerk to the family of the deceased.

HENRY H. STARKWEATHER.

In the House of Representatives, February 24, 1876.

MR. SPEAKER: From the day when I first entered this House, seven years ago, the deceased member and I have been thrown much together. We both served upon the Committee on Naval Affairs in the Forty-first Congress, and during all the arduous labors of the Committee on Appropriations for the Forty-third Congress we sat at the same table, engaged in the same work. Still later (and this recollection summons his face before me in clear relief) he sat next on my right in the chair which is to-day vacant; and so it came about that I knew him well—were it not for that fine reserve which was a feature of his character, I should say intimately.

Like other gentlemen who have served with him on committees, I learned to value Mr.

STARKWEATHER for the faithful services that he brought to every duty laid upon him and for the clear judgment that he displayed in oftentimes conflicting national, sectional, and political interests. Through it all he was honest and earnest of purpose; and though by no means an aggressive man in temper, he was effective and spirited in maintaining his views, and if ever assailed in any manner reflecting on the consistency of his political course, he always showed that he was amply capable of taking care of himself.

He has left this presence where not a few still remain who have served with him, and among them all I venture to say there is not one who does not feel that he was honest, capable, and faithful.

His constituents appreciated this high character, and manifested their appreciation by repeated returns. It is no common thing, either in Connecticut or in any State, for a member of this House to be returned here at five successive elections. Few higher honors ever fall upon an American citizen. From some acquaintance

with his constituents I have been impressed with the belief that their confidence in him has been for ten years a growing and not a waning sentiment.

Like many of our public men, Mr. STARKWEATHER gave his best years to the service of his country, and died a poor man; but he has left to his dear wife and children that precious legacy, a good name and the memory of a well-spent life.

Upon this floor we have all seen him, attentive and watchful; in the committee rooms of this Capitol, where is molded the legislation of forty millions of people, some of us have sat by him, and have been benefited by his counsels.

The years of his public service have come and have gone. They failed not with him, as they fail not with most of us, to deepen the unseen burdens of mortality and to sap the strength with which we resist the common decay. But out of it all Mr. STARKWEATHER brought none or little of the accumulations for which many men in other walks barter health, honor, and life.

He was content to do well his duty, and the recollection of his patient life and the protection of a kind Creator and Father will, I know, raise up friends for those who were dependent upon him and who are well-nigh heartbroken at his loss.

Listening the other day to the deep and fervent words which he had written for an occasion like this, in memory of his deceased friend, the late Senator from Connecticut, in which in rapt language he prefigured the soul's relation to the illimitable future and also looking back, as I now do, to the incidents and observations of everyday life, which are apt to elude us until after our friends are taken from us, I am impressed with the belief that Mr. STARKWEATHER carried with him, as a constant presence, the conviction that death might at any time come to him. He was never, or at least not for years, what might be called a well man. Lassitude, weakness, illness, all conspired to drag him down. Against these he always made an uncomplaining and manly resistance, and notwithstanding them wrought

out a life of useful deeds such as few men can ever compass.

But, Mr. Speaker, what struggles and misgivings the watches of the night, could they be laid bare, might show to us we can never know. There are no such heroic combats as these silent, solitary ones with the relentless foe that at last occupies all human fields. The ordinary conflicts of human life sink into littleness beside them. To know that the destroyer has made his lodgment, and that whatsoever may be the tie that binds us to life—the allurements to public station, the charm of love and friendship, the laughter and confidence of little children—he will yet give us but little notice, is what, with most men, breaks down courage and palsies every effort. Thinking of such a conflict, and believing as I do that our friend waged it, I recall the words of Thackeray upon another of life's lost battles:

The thought of it smites me down in humble submission before the Ruler of Kings and Men, the Monarch Supreme, the Inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory.

He who left us was no recreant here. He succumbed only when the hand could be no more upraised and the asserting will failed forever. But he has left with us the memory of the cheerful companion, the good friend, the honest, faithful public servant.

AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE.

In the Senate of the United States, January 23, 1882

MR. PRESIDENT: It would not be fitting for me in the little time which I shall take to attempt to speak of the public life and services of General BURNSIDE. I could add nothing to Senator Anthony's portrayal.

But since General BURNSIDE came into the Senate it has been my good fortune to know him well and to see much of him, and I desire to say a few words in token of the regard which I felt for him living and the tender memory which I bear for him now that he is gone.

That memory recalls him as a man who out of years of activity and sometimes of awful conflict brought a nature of exceeding purity and sweetness.

His education was a military one. In his

youth he took part in the war which the Republic waged against Mexico.

His active participation in our last and greatest of wars is a part of the history of the country.

He was brought face to face with suffering and pain and death, and must have learned to look upon these as everyday incidents. He beheld as a near spectator the most tremendous European conflict of the century. But war never roughened nor hardened him.

Some of us who never knew him until the long ease which peace brings after war had set in found him intrepid and fearless, it is true, as Bunyan's Greatheart, but magnanimous, gentle, and tender as the blameless king, the head of the Round Table. Nor did changed fortune or hard fate have power to warp his spirit.

In the great war of the rebellion he commanded our first happy and successful expedition, and later his name was associated with an army corps whose fortunes he led, sometimes to the heights of victory, sometimes into the sad

valley of defeat. His command of our greatest army was not fortunate, and the fact that it was imposed on him with no willing consent on his part, and that events compelled him to lay it down after a great disaster, might have embittered a less generous nature.

In General BURNSIDE'S heart no room was ever found for bitterness or jealousy or envy. "An unexhausted kindliness glowed like daily sunrise there."

Side by side with this softer part of character his strength of spirit always asserted itself, and made him the most manly and fearless of men.

Time and again I have seen him endure a test more to be dreaded by a sensitive nature than the facing of armed men or the fire of converging batteries—the standing alone and maintaining the cause of an absent and unpopular friend when clamorous voices told him too plainly how absolutely he was alone.

On such a field General BURNSIDE would not even draw off into the refuge of silence.

He was a friend worth having, and it will be long before men will cease to sigh or women

to weep because they go their ways without him.

Standing here in the place which he left vacant, I realize how much better we should be if he were still a moving, living form among us, how great was our loss in his removal.

RICHARD W. TOWNSHEND.

In the Senate of the United States, March 14, 1890.

Mr. President: My acquaintance with Mr. Townshend began with the Forty-fifth Congress, in the House of Representatives, of which he and I were then members.

He was new in service and young in years for the House, but he soon attracted my attention, as he did that of other old members; and he immediately made friends there, who afterwards watched with satisfaction his constant increase in power and influence in that body.

His mental and physical organization was such that, while he was usually clear and direct and persistent in his course upon subjects where he took special interest in legislation, his nature was so affectionate and his ways were so pleasant that all who were associated with him felt an interest in his success.

He had both boldness and ambition, and these pushed him on; but he constantly increased in mental stature, and whenever I met him I was impressed with the growth in the reach of his mind.

His industry was so patent that all who have spoken of him have made mention of it; and in the great work which the House of Representatives performs he bore a more and more conspicuous part. His service upon important committees there shows the estimation in which he was held, and the people whom he served attested their confidence in him by giving him what few men have ever had in this country—seven successive elections.

I can well believe that sadness pervaded his district, Mr. President, when the people heard of their great loss and knew that the man who had so faithfully and ably represented them had been cut down in his prime.

To all appearances, one month before his death Mr. TOWNSHEND might count upon a most enviable future public life. He had an admiring, unquestioning constituency. He had laid broad

and deep the foundations for wide influence in Congress. He was a man of the people and trusted by the people. He had filled his mind with special knowledge derived from a close study of social, economic, and financial questions, and had broadened it by wide general reading.

To the ordinary view, few men had better promise of a far-reaching political career, crowned with the Republic's higher honors; but no man, Mr. President, with whatever "eagle eyes" he may "stare" at the ocean of the future, can tell when his voyage there may be interrupted. He of whom we speak to-day was suddenly snatched from his high vantage ground, and in what we call his untimely eclipse went out whatever there might have been for him otherwise of honor or glory to come. "He only heard Fame's thunders wake."

His friends love to think of him and his genial ways and kindly deeds. Those nearest and dearest to him will never lose the sad pleasure which comes from the recollection of scenes brightened by love.

All of us who met him here in public or pri-

vate life, especially the members of that great body where he took so active a part, will miss him long, and long regret him. During the fourteen years over which my acquaintance with Mr. TOWNSHEND extended every incident of our intercourse has left with me nothing but pleasant memories, and my brief tribute to his merit is most sincerely given.

JAMES B. BECK.

In the Senate of the United States, August 23, 1890

MR. PRESIDENT: The life of the late Senator from Kentucky has been so well portrayed here, and his character has been so finely delineated, that there is no need for me to dwell upon them, and I shall content myself with a very brief, unaffected tribute to a man who always commanded my respect and had gained my personal regard and affection.

I first knew Mr. BECK during his service and mine in the House of Representatives, where he was then a most prominent actor on his side of the Chamber, and where he manifested the same earnestness and vigor which afterwards marked his life here. That acquaintance, I am glad to say, ripened into a friendship, when I came into the Senate, the memory of which I

shall always carefully and fondly cherish. I do not, in going back over these years, bring up a single incident of our acquaintance which does not carry with it the most pleasing of recollections.

During all the time that I have been a member of this body up to the day of the death of Senator BECK he and I had what is known in the Senate as a "general pair," and it was characteristic of the frank and generous way which he had of doing things that when the agreement was made between us he said, "Let either of us vote whenever he has a mind to," and during all these years this relation, so necessary in the business of the Senate both to the body and to the individual, never rested as a burden upon either of us; neither ever questioned the vote of the other.

The State of Kentucky has sent very many able men into public life. These men have made her illustrious in war and peace. Some of them have been sons of her soil, who were there born and lived and died, and others have betaken themselves to the State and have made it

their own and have helped to produce the Kentucky of the past and the Kentucky of to-day. But, Mr. President, among all these that State has never found a truer, abler, and more faithful and efficient representative in public life than this large-minded, hardheaded, genial-natured Scotchman, who came an untried lad out from the fields of old Dumfriesshire, and going to Kentucky fought out his manly battle there for preferment against all rivals in the State that he had adopted and made his home.

From this training at home he came a well-prepared man into Congress. His mind was wide and large. Strong as he was upon the special subjects to which he devoted great attention, he went far beyond these, and I have known few Senators who were better up in what may be called the business of the Senate than was Mr. BECK. His memory was retentive. His habit was formed upon the models of extreme industry, and I think he was as well equipped for general debate upon the subjects arising here as any Senator whom I have known in my service.

All these things, Mr. President, we mourn and miss; we miss the rugged earnestness of the Senator from Kentucky; we miss his aggressive self-assertion; we miss his sharp retort; we miss his red-handed foray into the territory of every political foe; but missing them and mourning them, we wish that he were here to-day! We miss his genial nature, his wide, broad, embracing friendship. We miss those occasions when, work and business laid aside, we met him at one place or another when the hour was devoted to enjoyment, and where our dear, lost friend was at his best, and then, Mr. President, we know the aching void which nothing can fill.

When JAMES B. BECK left us, Mr. President, we lost an able Senator, a true, high-minded man, a character of lofty integrity, a good friend, the memory of whom time may possibly dim, but certainly, with me, can never efface.

ADMIRAL DAVID DIXON PORTER.

In the Senate of the United States, February 13, 1891.

Mr. President: All the history of the English-speaking people has been illustrated by the exploits of great commanders who have fought upon the seas. In the annals of Great Britain there have been no names which have awakened popular enthusiasm like those of the naval chieftains who fought England's battles against her foes upon the great deep. It is doubtful whether the England of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was ever electrified by the deeds of any of her high commanders—Wellington, the highest of all, upon the land—as she was by the victories of Nelson; and the names of her admirals are set high in her lists of glory—Nelson himself and Jervis and Rodney and Collingwood——

Mr. PLUMB. And Drake.

Mr. HALE. Not to go back to that period which is suggested by the Senator from Kansas—the times of Drake and Grenville and Hawkins, who won the greatest of sea fights with little ships not larger than the coasting schooners of to-day.

This pride in the Navy and this interest in conflicts fought upon the waters was brought to America by our ancestors, and our people have shown it in every crisis when war has come upon our horizon. It was so in the American Revolution. It was so emphatically in 1812 in the war with Great Britain.

The pictures covering the first half of the present century that will be found in the houses of the American people of the commanders who in war have maintained the flag show to us the faces of Perry and Macdonough and Hull and Bainbridge and Decatur and the elder Porter, and in that tremendous conflict which raged in this country covering the years of what we call the civil war, while the commands of the naval officers were small as compared with those of the generals who fought upon the

land, yet every American heart beats responsive to the glorious deeds performed in our Navy under the great captains who led it.

Mr. President, they are now nearly all gone—Farragut, Du Pont, Rowan, Foote, Dahlgren, Winslow, and others, not to name those who are living. Among these men Admiral PORTER ranked as of the highest. No difficulty ever appalled him; no consultation in which PORTER was engaged ever had but one result, and that was to fight a battle. His resources were amazing; his courage was of the very highest order, and where he led victory followed.

I think, Mr. President, that Admiral PORTER was almost the only survivor of those who held independent commands during the war upon the sea, Rear Admiral Worden being the only other who comes now to my mind. We have not seen the Admiral much of late, but those of us who knew him well in the years past never failed to be impressed by him. We shall miss that alert, earnest, communicative presence; we shall miss the reminiscent faculty which Admiral PORTER to a great extent pos-

sessed, and, missing him and calling up his well-earned fame, we can wish that the glory which was his may be emulated and won by worthy successors in the American Navy.

Mr. President, in token of our appreciation of the character of him who has gone, of the loss which the country has sustained, and of our deep sympathy with those who are nearest and most bereaved, I move that the Senate do now adjourn.

PRESTON B. PLUMB.

In the Senate of the United States, February 18, 1892.

MR. PRESIDENT: After all that has been so well said, I can only speak of the late Senator from Kansas as we saw him here. When he died this body lost one of its ablest members. Wherever Mr. PLUMB was he made himself felt, and this floor afforded a fitting arena for the display of his great abilities. Few important measures in the past fifteen years have become laws without the help of his forming hand. Few schemes of doubtful wisdom have gone to their grave without being assisted thereto by him. His activity and energy were immense, and his investigation and reflection covered the widest range of subjects. His service upon important committees was so faithful that whenever a meeting was called it found him present, prepared and ready for work. He made this

his business, and if he had doubts to raise and objections to urge these were first brought forward in the committee room. He was in this respect an example whom we will do well to follow.

On this floor he never championed a measure without first studying it from all sides, and no man here could maintain his cause better than Mr. PLUMB. He was by nature aggressive, and I think all of us felt that we were undertaking a dangerous business when we opposed him, and that we needed to be armed and equipped most completely, else our discomfiture would be certain, inevitable. He scrutinized closely all important bills, and whenever, as the result of such scrutiny, he became the assailant, the Senator who had charge of the bill so assailed needed to have all his wits about him if he would save his measure.

Not a few of us have felt keenly wounds received in encounter with Mr. PLUMB; but however sharply we may have differed with him, I think we have all felt that the warfare was honorable, and that in the thrust and parry

of debate the deceased Senator was a fair and oftentimes generous antagonist. He could not help being positive. His whole life, from boyhood, had been active, earnest, and, whenever the need arose, belligerent.

His colleague, in a eulogy which I have never seen surpassed here, and which seemed to me to be a model for such an occasion as this, has told us the most interesting story of that life, built up as it was by never-ceasing activity and effort. None of his successes were accidental; all his great triumphs were hardly earned. The people of a great State loved and honored him and placed unqualified trust in him. The people of a greater nation were coming to know him and to properly estimate him, and he was at his best when death knocked at his door and would have entrance. Longer service here would have made his public life of still greater value, for he was growing every day; but this was not to be.

His social side was of the kind that makes it pleasant to recall. His attachments were strong, he loved to be with his friends, and in

every company where he was found he added to the sum of enjoyment. He was a liberal giver, and in the many drafts which I have known made upon his generosity I do not recall one which he did not honor, and those who knew him best will long remember the unproclaimed charities which beflowered his pathway all through life.

Our deceased colleague, Mr. President, wore himself out before his time. He hardly knew the meaning of the word rest. No man here put as many working hours into each day as he, and his work was always done at highest pressure. He had no idle moments. He was constantly investigating, reading, and thinking, and so it came about that, at an age when the best part of his life ought to have been before him, all the machinery of his being suddenly stopped; it could run no longer. His work was done, although much is left to do in which he, as we look at it, ought to have a part.

This great body has never too much of the earnestness, the assiduity, the experience which Mr. PLUMB furnished to its service.

L. of C.

The Senate, though it is beyond the constant fluctuations which are a feature of the other branch of the National Legislature, is yet a greatly shifting assembly. Mr. PLUMB, at the time of his death, had been a Senator for almost fifteen years. There are but seven who have seen longer continuous service. They are Senators Morrill, Sherman, Ransom, Allison, Jones of Nevada, Dawes, and Cockrell. Six others took seats in this Chamber at the same time with Mr. PLUMB. All the rest of us, seventy-five in all, are, comparatively speaking, new Senators.

Mr. President, the old landmarks here are disappearing. Death, withdrawal, the mutation of politics, eat them away. Now an oak in the forest has fallen. Which of us, as we look at that seat which he held so long, does not, through memory's vista, behold that rugged front, that aggressive presence, that intrepid, ruthless combatant? And which of us, seeing that he is not there, does not feel that in his eclipse there has passed from sight a most conspicuous figure of the United States Senate?

JAMES G. BLAINE.

In the Senate of the United States, January 27, 1893.

Mr. President: We are again summoned into the presence of death. A very great man has passed from this earth. Hon. James G. Blaine died in his house in this city at 11 o'clock this morning. His long illness had in some measure prepared us for this, but the dread event will carry sadness and mourning throughout all the United States, and will awaken interest and sorrow wherever civilized man lives on the face of the globe.

Mr. Blaine's career was so remarkable and his public services were so great that in all the histories which may be written of his time he will stand as a central figure, not only as to his own country, but upon policies and subjects that affected other great nations.

He belonged, Mr. President, not to any State, but to all the country. Pennsylvania, which gave him birthplace and nurtured him, and Maine, where he made his home and where he became her first citizen and where his lap was filled with all the honors the State could bestow, mourn him no more to-day than the dwellers by the shores of the great Gulf and in the cabins of the far Sierras.

It is no time or place for me to speak in detail of his distinguished public life. He was for years a leading member upon the floor of the House of Representatives, and for six years presided there as its Speaker. His service in this Chamber covered busy years. He was twice Secretary of State, and until of late a member of the present Administration.

I do not think there is one Senator here who will not deem it fitting, in view of this, and that he died where his last eastward look from his chamber window might embrace this Capitol where his voice had been so many times heard, that we make a precedent at this time, if there is none already, and that, notwithstanding Mr.

BLAINE at the time of his death was a private citizen, this body take an immediate adjournment.

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